

PAINTS GAS JET, SETS SELF AFIRE, STARTS A PANIC

Isadore Metilski Runs Into Willett Street and Arouses the Whole Neighborhood.

MOTHERS IN FRENZY.

Teachers Keep Children Quiet by Starting "Frog" Game, While Police Quiet Crowd.

Isadore Metilski's efforts to paint a gas jet in a bedroom on the ground floor of the five-story tenement at No. 22 Willett street today brought about a panic which a dozen policemen were called to quell. Everything would have been all right had the room not been dark. Isadore lit the gas and was making Rembrandtlike sweeps at the pipe with the brush. The brush took fire, then Isadore's coat sleeve began to blaze. He dropped the burning brush on a bed and dashed madly out into Willett street yelling like an Indian warning his salary in a Wild West show. While Isadore did a dance in the middle of the street, clapping frantically at his burning coat-sleeve, thinking about taking it off—the spirit of the affair took possession of the twenty-two families who occupy the tenement. Screaming and crying, they rushed down the stairs dragging household effects, nondescript dogs and howling children. They gathered about Isadore and lent their lungs to a lusty chorus.

TEACHERS FEARED A PANIC AMONG THE CHILDREN.

Some one turned in a fire alarm and Isadore was let loose in the narrow streets. Next door to the tenement under the Williamsburg Bridge is the kindergarten annex to Public School No. 51. The teachers became alarmed at the noise that Isadore had set loose and feared a panic among their young charges. The principal, Miss Rauch, with rare presence of mind, ran into the various classrooms and ordered the teachers to start the "frog game" among the children. This is a game that kindergarten would rather play than any other. Soon the piano was busy and the youngsters hopping about the floor, while outside Isadore hopped madly trying to extinguish himself. The loudly clanging engines of the Fire Department stopped in front of the school and then it was that the mothers of the neighborhood joined in the screaming chorus. With visions of their babies being burned they came rushing from the tenements toward the school. The downer so policemen who were dispatched to the scene found a job more difficult than putting down a street cleaner's strike on their hands. Isadore finally ceased to be a torch, the bed fire died down, the "frog game" kept the children interested, and the screaming mothers were reassured, and once again Willett street resumed its normal state.

40 TAILORS GO ON STRIKE AT BONWIT, TELLER & CO.'S

Places Filled and Union Men Won't Be Taken Back, Says Firm.

Forty union cloakmakers and refiners are on strike at Bonwit, Teller & Co.'s, at Thirty-eighth street and Fifth avenue. According to Paul J. Bonwit, the places of the strikers have been filled.

"Tailors in the workshop," explained Mr. Bonwit this afternoon, "have left our employ and are circulating pamphlets stating that our house has been discriminating against union labor. This is a mis-statement and needs correction. Bonwit, Teller & Co. never have discriminated against any kind of labor. Every man, skillful, willing and well behaved is invited to work and the highest of wages are paid."

"Among the striking tailors were four who insisted Mrs. McBride, the lady in charge, and when the firm informed them that their services were no longer required the union prevailed upon the rest to leave. They left their places without finishing their work and in consequence the garments of the customers were unfinished. On several previous occasions during the season these men did the same thing for some imaginary wrong. When this occurred again last week the firm informed them that their services were no longer required. The firm has taken other men in their stead, paying them the same wages, and, of course, it will not dismiss any man who leaves to be taken care of simply because the union wants the firm not to employ non-union men."

GRAND JURY IS OVERBUSHY.

District Attorney Warns Investigators to Be Careful in Indicting.

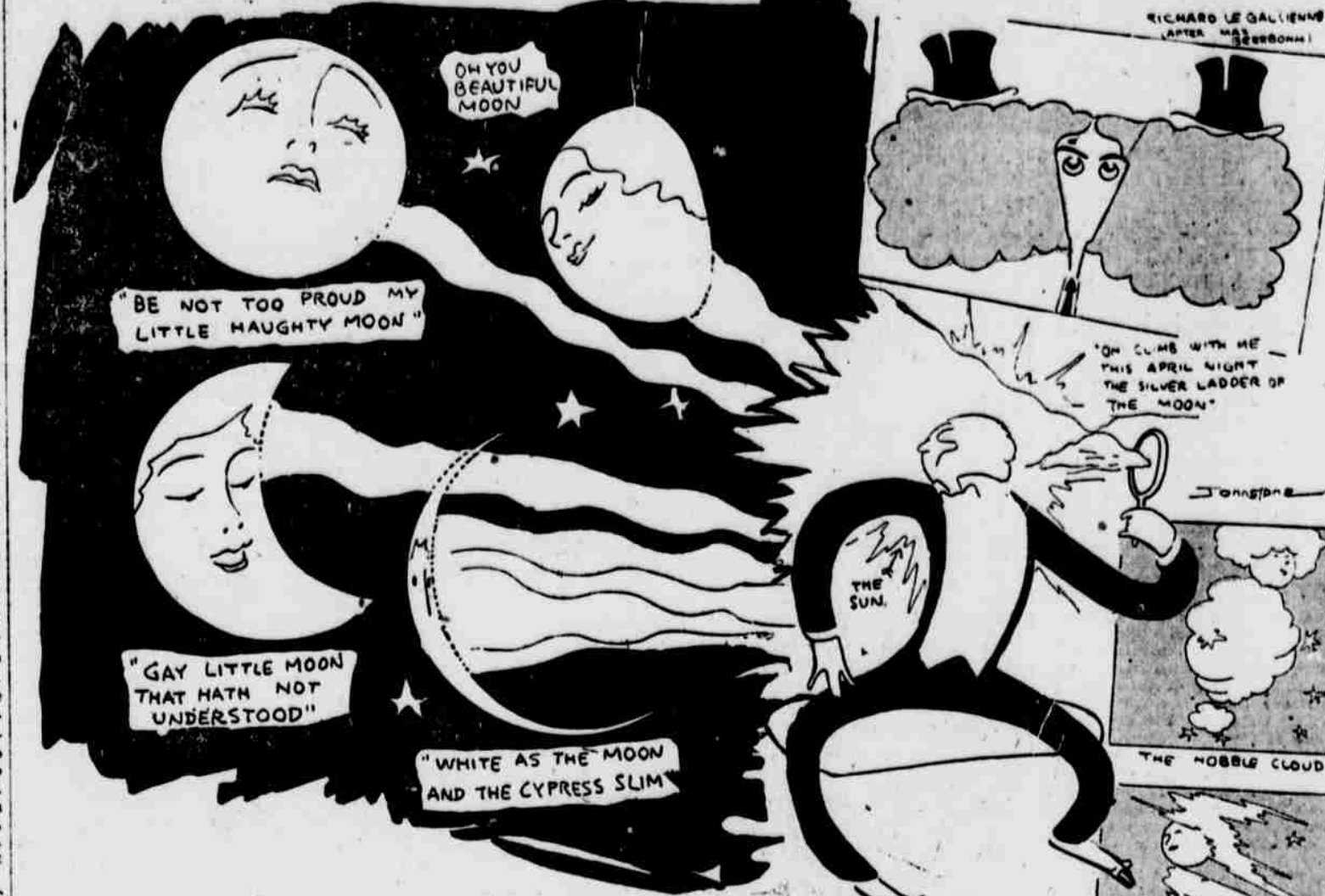
District Attorney William H. Taft appeared before the Grand Jury today and cautioned the jurors about indiscriminate finding of indictments. He asked that each case be carefully weighed into its order to avoid clogging the legal machinery of the criminal courts.

Referring to his appearance before the Grand Jury, Mr. Whitman said the records showed the list of the indictments filed during the months of September, October and November, but 62 per cent, resulted in conviction. Mr. Whitman said 20 per cent. of these indictments had to be dismissed on motion of the prosecutor, because of lack of proof. In the cases of persons held by the City Magistrate for the action of the Grand Jury, the District Attorney said 24 per cent. were dismissed by the Grand Jury for the same reason.

"The Moon Is More to a Poet Than Any Woman"

CAN YOU BEAT THAT?

Piffle Pictures by Johnstone Based on the Poet's Thoughts.



Richard Le Gallienne Defends His Treason to Womankind, and Declares the Lunar Sweetheart of the Rhymster Much More Liberal-Minded and Safe and Says It Can Be Admired Without Getting One Into Trouble of Any Kind.

She Is Not Jealous, He Declares, Like a Woman Who Must Be Also Sun and Stars, or Nothing—"Moon Quality Is What Men Love in Women—Soft, Consoling, Tender, Sad, Mysterious in Her Purposes, Practical in Her Methods."



NIKOLA GREELEY-SMITH

Species, answered firmly: "If this be treason, make the most of it!"

"The moon is the perpetual sweetheart of the poet," Mr. Le Gallienne continued. "She has many phases, many manifestations, and he may admire them all without getting into trouble. For the moon is not a jealous woman. Woman, now, woman, the Moon of Beauty, is not apt to understand mind and the moon is safe."

"Then perhaps you've adopted the cold moon for a sweetheart as part of the general process of settling down?" I said.

"Perhaps, though the moon is held to be rather unsettling," the poet answered.

Whether it be the influence of the moon, or of the new and lovely Mrs. Le Gallienne, there's no doubt that the author of "The Loves of the Poets" has settled down near Rowayton, Conn., where I saw him yesterday.

HIS ISLAND WORKSHOP AND "TREASON" HATCHERY.

At the foot of a water tower in an abandoned engine house on Butler's Island Mr. Le Gallienne has set up his workshop. And there spends the entire day writing poems and reviews and essays or hatching tributes to the moon and treason against womankind.

The workshop is crowded with books and butterflies, dead butterflies, gorgeous and futile as the poems so many of us mourn—the little sisters of Mr. Le Gallienne's muse in the land of unborn poems. There is a queer wood-and-shelf made of a golden brown fungus found on one of the lean trees of Butler's island, and on it rests one of many portraits of Mrs. Le Gallienne which adorn the workshop.

Pacing Long Island Sound and contemplating the luminous winter trees, the little workshop suggests a sort of oratory of Pan, and the inscribed tablet at the door completes the illusion with this line from Virgil, "Happy he who knows the rural gods, Pan and old Sylvanus, and the sister nymphs."

Of course I had always known Mr. Le Gallienne to be the most moon-struck of poets. From the beginning he has sought to express woman in terms of the moon. He may have caught the trick from Omar Khayyam. At any rate, yesterday, during the course of his impromptu oration on the charge of high treason to his old love, Woman, many lines from the Le Gallienne version of "The

BY NIKOLA GREELEY-SMITH.

"The moon is more to a poet than any woman."

Richard Le Gallienne wrote it—and maintained it yesterday in the most moonstruck interview that ever poet uttered or scribe set down.

"Treason!" I said accusingly to the erstwhile worshipper of woman; "treason in the name of the thousands of women who have seen or will see 'The Loves of the Poets' and will read of your apostasy with their own eyes."

And Mr. Le Gallienne, seeker of the Golden Girl, who broke a lance with William Watson over "The Woman With the Serpent's Tongue," and more recently with Rudyard Kipling over "The Female of the Species," answered firmly: "If this be treason, make the most of it!"

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REASON WHY MAN ADMIRES THE MOON QUALITY.

But then—that's woman, mysterious in her purposes, practical, horribly practical in her methods.

ALL BOYS ARE POETS, AT ANY RATE.

"All boys are poets—anyhow. Why, when I was a boy whenever I walked among trees and wild flowers I fancied myself in an enchanted woodland and expected at any moment to encounter a beautiful woman riding on a white palfrey, or to come upon a nymph bending over a pool, her long hair streaming among the water lilies. That's the way boys feel."

"I'm afraid many of them would prefer the gaudy poster of a burlesque show to your lady of the white palfrey or your nymph," I said.

"Even so," Mr. Le Gallienne answered. "It's all poetry. It's all part of the moon mystery of woman."

Outside the workshop the least poetical of small boys waited with the best of bonnets of palfreys till Mr. Le Gallienne and I should finish our discourse about woman and the perpetual sweetheart of the poet.

A train whistled in the distance. "Then you insist that the moon is more to the poet than any woman?" I repeated, rising.

"The moon and the sea," Mr. Le Gallienne answered as we took our way toward my hired "palfrey." "The sea has been behaving gloriously these days," he added, waving his hand toward the Sound. "She is still gleefully celebrating the departure of the last summer boarder. She knows when he goes and in her mad joy and relief she casts up on the beach all traces of his invasion—look there!"

Low on the horizon, as if getting ready for his nightly dip in the Sound, hung the ruddy sun.

"See, the husband sun is going home from his work," said Mr. Le Gallienne. "And the lady moon is just getting ready to welcome him with a shining face."

I got into the carriage.

"Oh! apt!" said a very disgusted small boy to the hired "palfrey."

LITTLE WOMAN CHOKES A 200-POUND MASHER.

Mrs. O'Donnell Grabs Barnett's Necktie and Holds Him Till Policeman Arrives.

A little mite of a woman held a 200-pound masher by the necktie on Seventh avenue near One Hundred and Twenty-third street last night until Policeman Davis of the West One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street station came and arrested him. The prisoner said he was Harry Barnett, twenty-seven years old, of No. 256 Third avenue.

The little woman who caught him is Mrs. Mary O'Donnell. She is twenty-three years old and lives at No. 72 West One Hundred and Twenty-sixth street.

Mrs. O'Donnell told Magistrate Corbin in the Harlem Police Court when Barnett was arraigned that her husband was an actor. He is playing in Washington, D. C., this week, and she went out last night to mail a letter to him.

At Seventh avenue and One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street there was a crowd of young men. Barnett, who was among them, followed the little woman because his ideal of her is that of a stilette, drawing all her light and warmth from him, revelling about the great central sun of her universe—himself. Without the sun's light what is the moon? A region of frozen mountains and parched canals—cold, dead, cheerless without his love. That's what the moon woman seems, if not to the poet, then to the average man.

"Good idea," commented Mr. Le Gallienne frankly. "But severe, you know."

"To me now—the average man is very much of a poet in his feelings for woman. Woman is a mystery to every man—sometimes a very practical mystery, of course."

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NEW POLICE HERO SAVES PUPILS FROM RUNAWAY HORSE

Horan, on Force a Week, Clambers to Horse's Back After Being Drugged Along Street.

Policeman Peter Horan of the Gates avenue station, Brooklyn, who has been on the force one week, stood in front of Public School No. 25, at Lafayette and Sumner avenues, to-day. Children were queuing from the doors, home-ward bound.

Suddenly from up the street came a horse attached to a grocery wagon tearing toward him. Into the middle of the street dashed Horan. Onward came the horse and wagon. With a leap he seized a dangling halter, then found himself being dragged, now unfor-mally, along the pavement.

Horan managed to let go, arose and clambered in the rear of the wagon and through it, then jumped upon the horse's neck. Seizing the animal by the ears he guided it into a lamppost. Not a child was injured.

The wagon belongs to Charles Grimm of No. 251 Northavenue.

HAVE YOU SEEN EDWARD?

He's Eleven and Large for His Age—And Wants to Go to Work.

Mrs. George Baker of No. 622 West One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street has asked The Evening World to help find her missing son, Edward. The boy is eleven years old and left home in October.

Mrs. Baker says Edward is large for his age and has a decided aversion to going to school, being imbued with the desire to work. He has a scar over the right eye.

Will Pay Durland Insurance.

The Equitable Life Assurance Society, through Jerrid Brown, its controller, approved yesterday the claim of \$15,000 on the life of Kelllogg Durland, the writer who committed suicide in Boston on Nov. 18. Genevieve Greville Durland, his wife, is the beneficiary.

Gets Into Home by Pretending to Be a Gas Inspector.

When Mrs. Mary McKelwee, No. 123 Fifty-sixth street, South Brooklyn, opened the door in response to a ring this afternoon she found a young man wearing a blue suit and cap who announced himself a gas inspector. He went into the cellar and began pounding pipes.

Mrs. McKelwee went into a bedroom on the second floor a few minutes later and found the "gas inspector" inspecting the contents of a bureau drawer. She rushed screaming into the hall and down the stairs with the "inspector" closely following. At the foot of the stairs he caught hold of her, sagged her with a towel and bound her with a piece of rope. He helped himself to \$500 worth of valuables and departed.

Mrs. McKelwee freed herself after two hours' effort and ran to the Fourth avenue police station and told her story. Detectives Fay and Robertson were sent out to catch the "gas inspector."

POUR MILK DOWN THROAT OF MAN WHO DRINKS ACID.

Edward Bergman, sixty-five years old, a well-known resident of the Bronx, where he has three sons who are prominent in business and politics, attempted to kill himself to-day at One Hundred and Fifty-seventh street and Park avenue by drinking carbolic acid.

Policeman Rooney, who saw the old man fall writhing on the sidewalk, ran to a grocery, got a bottle of milk and poured the fluid down Bergman's throat. The antidote was effective and the doctors at Lebanon Hospital hope to save Bergman's life.

Since the death of his wife, ten years ago, Bergman, according to those who knew him, has been despondent. He lived in a furnished room at No. 82 Elton avenue.

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TALE OF GOOD SHIP MARJORIE THRILLS JURY

Yacht's Captain Wrote Stirring Sea Romance—But 'Twasn't True, Is Charge.

A jury before Judge Rosinsky, in Part II. of the Court of General Sessions were entertained to-day by a tale of piracy and subterfuge related to them in a truly dramatic way by Assistant District Attorney Robert McCormick. Mr. McCormick is prosecuting Capt. John P. Johnson, tanned with the winds of many climes, for the alleged making of a false affidavit in order to defend the Columbia Insurance Company of \$2500 by representing that the Marjorie, a power boat forty-three feet long with a ten-foot beam and a five-foot draught, owned by a dentist, Dr. Pinches, of No. 131 Broadway, had been lost at sea off Cape Hatteras.

Capt. Johnson and his engineer, Jacob Sungsten, were indicted by the Grand Jury last August. Dr. Pinches, aided by the detectives of the insurance company, was instrumental in causing their indictment. Dr. Pinches loaned the boat to the two men in October, 1910. The two said they were going to take the yacht out to Florida and hire her out. Half the money made by the hire of the boat was to go to Dr. Pinches. Before Johnson and Sungsten left New York Dr. Pinches had the boat insured for \$2,500.

All went well with the Marjorie until after she left the inside route, which she followed to Hampton Roads. Early in November Dr. Pinches received a letter from Johnson, as full of incident as any of the tales written by Capt. Marryat, to the effect that the yacht while off Cape Hatteras, had sprung a leak and had sunk. Johnson and his partner, according to the letter, made their escape in a rowboat, and after passing through many adventures, finally reached Wilmington, N. C.

Mr. McCormick read the letter to the jury. It was a harrowing tale of misery in a small boat at sea. Dr. Pinches, Mr. McCormick said, forwarded money to the men, so they could come back to this city and swear to their story. Then he collected the insurance. He has since returned it.

In July last, the insurance company, through its agents, got word that a boat closely resembling the Marjorie was in a shipyard at Morehead City, N. C., held for a bill of repairs. It was then ascertained that instead of the boat being sunk at sea, the two men had mailed her up Goose Creek in North Carolina and kept her hidden all winter.

Johnson has served a term in the penitentiary for another boat transaction, in which it was alleged he had played a similar trick.

POLICEMAN BALKS SUICIDE.

Pours Milk Down Throat of Man Who Drinks Acid.

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